

## AMARILLO DAILY NEWS

AN INDEPENDENT DEMOCRATIC  
NEWSPAPER.

Owned and Published by  
THE AMARILLO PUBLISHING CO.  
Corner Sixth and Tyler Streets,  
Incorporated Under the Laws of the  
State of Texas.  
Capital Stock, 125,000.

The Daily News is a Member of  
the Associated Press.  
The Daily News is the official  
paper of Amarillo.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The Daily News will be delivered  
by carrier anywhere in Amarillo, or  
by mail outside of the city, for \$5.00  
a year, or 50 cents a month, in ad-  
vance.

## TELEPHONES.

Business Office ..... 471  
Society Editor. .... 14

First Morning Newspaper in the  
Amarillo Country. Covers the Pan-  
handle of Texas, Eastern New Mexico,  
Southern Colorado and Western Okla-  
homa from twelve to twenty-four  
hours in advance of Denver, Dallas,  
Fort Worth, and Oklahoma City and  
other papers carrying telegraphic dis-  
patches.

Entered as second-class matter at  
the postoffice at Amarillo, Texas,  
under the act of March 3, 1879.

## TOP OF THE MORNING.

No credit is given to the report  
that Santa Claus had his claws frozen  
off last night.

This winter's snow bank will issue  
next year large farm letters of  
credit on all other Panhandle banks.

Trial delay in murder cases largely  
accounts for the lack of delay in mur-  
der itself.

The Russians are noted booze  
fighters, but they can't rush  
the American.

If the Persian Shah had only  
thought of it and put on a Turkish  
turban he would have scared Russian  
half to death.

The tomb of a Paris actress has  
been robbed. It is supposed the rob-  
bers obtained access through the  
stage entrance.

The local Christmas snake is gen-  
eral this time—to say nothing of the  
shiver.

Bourke Cochran "views with  
alarm" the growing popular demand  
for the curbing of the big corpora-  
tions. Mr. Cochran's alarm clock,  
however, has long been noted for its  
cuckoo corporation attachment.

## ALFALFA AS A ROW CROP.

Authentic reports come from the  
high lands of Western Nebraska,  
Western Kansas and Eastern Colo-  
rado, of at once successful and pro-  
fitable cultivation of alfalfa as a  
row crop for market seed production.

The cultivation is through the me-  
dium of windmill well pumpage irri-  
gation—the water being lifted from  
depths of from 200 to 350 feet with  
a pumpage flow of from 1 1/2 inches  
to 2 1/2 inches and discharged into  
surface dirt excavated reservoirs.

The alfalfa culture is similar to  
that of corn and gives from 5 to 7  
bushels of seed per acre, the great  
accreting profits including the facts  
that the crop is grown on \$10 or \$15  
per acre land and a seed sale rang-  
ing from \$7.50 to \$15 per bushel,  
the original well plant investment  
rarely reaching \$500.

Owing to the smallness of the  
pumpage flow the crux of this irrigat-  
ing system is contained in the reser-  
voir conservation of the water.

These reservoirs are as cheaply  
constructed as they are effectively  
used, consisting merely of a connect-  
ing chain of surface dirt excavated  
basins, the first basin receiving the  
pumpage discharge and the basins  
feeding each other to the end of the  
series chain.

The primary and practically the  
principal irrigation under these reser-  
voirs is that of fall or winter  
flooding, the water being turned on  
the land in September, and allowed  
to freeze in the soil to a depth of  
several inches and thus constituting  
a subirrigation for next year's plant-  
ing, whose moisture is not exhaust-  
ed until the latter part of June, or  
the first of July.

Alfalfa row crop cultivation thus  
proves profusely profitable under  
windmill well irrigation pumpage in  
the high altitude lands and great  
water depths of Western Kansas,  
Western Nebraska and Eastern Colo-  
rado what almost incalculable profits  
would accrue from similar alfalfa ir-  
rigation in the Texas Panhandle al-  
titudes: minimum water lifts, and  
minor costs of windmill well pumpage  
plan installation.

The answer to this News question  
should be the early initiation of a  
general alfalfa row crop culture  
through windmill pumpage irri-  
gation which will inevitably develop the  
Texas Panhandle into the greatest  
alfalfa seed producer on the globe.

CURIOUS BITS  
OF HISTORYTHE LAST SURVIVING SIGN-  
ER OF THE DECLARATION  
OF INDEPENDENCE.

By A. W. MACY.

When Charles Carroll of Car-  
rollton affixed his signature to the  
Declaration of Independence another  
signer standing by remarked, "There go a few  
millions." Carroll was a rich  
man, and few if any of the other  
signers risked as much by the  
Revolution in the way of  
property as he did. But the  
Revolution succeeded and he  
did not lose his wealth. When  
an old man he assisted in the  
ceremony of laying the first  
rail of the first railroad in the  
United States, the Baltimore &  
Ohio. In 1831 Captain Alexan-  
der, of the British army, made  
a tour of the United States, and  
visited Charles Carroll, not  
then "of Carrollton," but of  
Baltimore. In a journal de-  
scribing his travels he made  
this record:

"At Baltimore I visited  
Charles Carroll, one of the  
signers of the Declaration of In-  
dependence. I found the ven-  
erable patriarch quite alone,  
and seemingly musing. . . .  
The old gentleman, dressed in  
a dark purple gown, and seated  
in a high-backed chair, was  
rather short of stature, and  
stooped under the burden of  
years. His nose was aquiline,  
and his expression was particu-  
larly mild and engaging. The  
speech, sight and hearing of the  
veteran had not much failed  
him, but his memory had."  
Carroll was then in his nine-  
ty-fourth year. He died Novem-  
ber 14, 1832, the last surviving  
signer of the Declaration of  
Independence.

(Copyright, 1911, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

## TOPEKA'S GOOD ROADS PLAN.

A new association, or sub-organi-  
zation probably will be added to the  
Topeka Commercial club during the  
coming year. It will be the Road  
Builders' association, or one of an-  
other name conveying the same pur-  
pose as its meaning. The plan, ori-  
ginated by J. Will Kelly, secretary  
of the club, points to the forming of  
a club of boosters who have upper-  
most in their minds the improvement  
of Shawnee county highways. If the  
idea is carried out as Mr. Kelly will  
suggest at a meeting of the mem-  
bership committee next week, it will  
be the first movement in the county  
during the present year to have be-  
hind it financial support and a deter-  
mination to use the money for good  
roads only.

Mr. Kelly believes in the connec-  
tion of the coming campaign for in-  
creased membership in the club with  
the plan he has, at least \$3,000 may  
be appropriated during the coming  
year for road improvement purposes.  
The funds will accrue from increas-  
ed dues of members. It will be the  
plan of the membership committee  
to increase the present roll of the  
Commercial club to 1,200 Topekans.  
Such a membership would bring into  
the club's treasury an annual income  
in dues of \$14,400. Of that amount  
the secretary believes approximately  
\$2,000 or more could be used upon  
the highways.

His plan, however, is not to appro-  
priate the money first, but to allow  
the good roadsters to make up a bud-  
get for road improvement. All high-  
ways in the county are to be consid-  
ered. The road boosters will esti-  
mate how much money will be need-  
ed to help farmers and others inter-  
ested in road building to place the  
particular road in excellent condi-  
tion. When the cost to repair all the  
roads is estimated the budget will  
be completed. Then an appropriation  
which will cover the amount will be  
made by the directors of the club  
from the increased membership dues.  
The plan will be threshed out in de-  
tail at the coming meeting of the  
membership committee.

The good roads boosters of the  
Commercial Club also have begun to  
interest themselves in sending Topeka  
delegates to the Kansas Good  
Roads convention at Emporia Janu-  
ary 16 and 17. Probably from fifty  
to 100 men will make the trip, either  
as official delegates or as boosters  
for better highways in Kansas.

Another plan which was suggested  
and which is meeting with favor  
among those interested in the move-  
ment for better highways is that of  
organizing an entertainment commit-  
tee which shall prepare a program  
to be given in various neighboring  
towns at good roads meetings which  
may be held there. The idea is fur-  
ther to interest boosters of other  
towns in the Topeka Commercial  
club. The membership committee  
may decide at its coming meeting to  
make a special rate of dues to non-  
resident members to encourage them  
to affiliate with the local organiza-  
tion.

If you want quick cab service  
phone 40. Amarillo Cab Co. 31-26.

Jams, Jellies, preserves, condiments  
of the right kind. Griffin Grocery.

## MARK TWAIN'S BOYHOOD

Albert Bigelow Paine in Harper's  
Magazine  
Mrs. Clemens and her son Samuel  
now had a sober talk and, realizing  
that the printing trade offered op-  
portunity for acquiring further edu-  
cation as well as a livelihood, they  
agreed that he should be appren-  
ticed to Joseph F. Ament, who had  
lately moved from Palmyra to Han-  
nibal and bought a weekly Demo-  
cratic paper, the Missouri Courier.

The apprentice terms were not over  
liberal. They were the usual thing  
for that time: board and clothes—  
"more board than clothes and not  
much of either," Mark Twain used  
to say.

He was a happy, industrious lad,  
in a little more than a year he was  
office favorite and chief stand-by. In  
time he became a sort of sub-editor.  
When the forms of the papers were  
ready to close, and Ament was need-  
ed to supply more matter, it was  
Sam who was delegated to find that  
rather uncertain and elusive person  
and labor with him until the required  
copy was produced. Thus it was he  
saw literature in the making.

It is not believed that he had any  
writing ambitions of his own. His  
chief desire was to be an all around  
journeyman printer like Pet McMur-  
ray; to drift up and down the world  
in Pet's untrammelled fashion; to see  
all that Pet had seen and a number  
of things which Pet appeared to have  
overlooked. At Ament's he generally  
had a daily task, either of composi-  
tion or presswork, after which he  
was free.

When he had learned the way of  
his work he was usually free by 3 in  
the afternoon; then off to the river  
or the cave, as in the old days, some-  
times with his boy friends, sometimes  
with Laura Hawkins, gathering wild  
columbine on that high cliff over-  
looking the river, Lover's Leap.

## The Girls Liked Mark.

He was becoming quite a beau, at-  
tending parties on occasion, where  
old fashioned games—Forfeits, Ring-  
around-Rosy, Dusty Miller and the  
like—were regarded as rare amuse-  
ments. He was a favorite with girls  
of his own age. He was always good  
natured, full of fun and gentle in  
his manner toward them, though he  
played jokes on them too, and was  
often a severe trial. He was with  
Laura Hawkins more than the others,  
usually her escort. On Satur-  
day afternoons in winter he carried  
her skates to Bear Creek and helped  
her to put them on. After which they  
skated "partners," holding  
hands tightly, and were a likely pair  
of children, no doubt. In the "Gilded  
Age" Laura Hawkins at 12 is pic-  
tured "with her dainty hands prop-

ed into the ribbon bordered pockets  
of her apron" "a vision to warm  
the coldest heart and bless and cheer  
the saddest."

The author had the real Laura of  
his childhood in his mind when he  
wrote that, though the story itself  
bears no resemblance to her life.  
They were never really sweethearts,  
those two. There was never any  
engagement between them. They  
were only good friends and com-  
rades. Sometimes he brought her  
magazines—exchanges from the  
printing office—Goley's and others.  
These were a treat, for such things  
were scarce enough.

He cared little for reading him-  
self, beyond a few exciting tales,  
though the putting into type of a  
good deal of miscellaneous matter  
had beyond doubt developed in him  
a taste for general knowledge. It  
needed only to be awakened.

There came into his life just at  
this period one of those seemingly  
trifling incidents which, viewed in  
retrospect, assume pivotal propor-  
tions. He was on his way from the  
office to his home one afternoon  
when he saw flying along the pave-  
ment a square of paper—a leaf from  
a book. At an earlier time he would  
not have bothered with it at all, but  
any printed page had acquired a  
professional interest for him now.  
He caught the flying scrap and ex-  
amined it. It was a leaf from some  
history of Joan of Arc. The "Maid"  
was described in the cage at Rouen  
in the fortress, and the two ruffian  
English soldiers had stolen her  
clothes. There was a brief descrip-  
tion and a good deal of dialogue—  
her reproaches and their ribald re-  
plies.

## A Passion For Joan.

He had never heard of the sub-  
ject before. He had never read any  
history. When he wanted to know  
any fact he asked Henry, who read  
everything obtainable. Now, how-  
ever, there arose within him a deep  
compassion for the gentle Maid of  
Orleans, a burning resentment to-  
ward her captors, a powerful and in-  
destructible interest in her sad his-  
tory.

It was an interest that would grow  
steadily for more than half a life-  
time, and culminate at last in that  
crowning work, the "Recollections,"  
the loveliest story ever told of that  
hardy girl.

The incident meant even more  
than that, it meant the awakening  
of his interest in all history—the  
world's story in its many phases—a  
passion which became the largest fea-  
ture of his intellectual life and re-  
mained with him until his very last  
day on earth.

## IS THE STAGE WORTH WHILE

Julia Marlowe in the New York  
World

If any young girl considers that  
in becoming an actress it is neces-  
sary for her to give up the funda-  
mentals of existence, I would not say  
that it is not worth while.

Personally I would not recognize  
any art that interfered with the gen-  
eral things of life.

It is because I know that the stage  
does not make any such demands that  
I have never discouraged it as a pro-  
fession either for many or woman.  
All arts, and especially that of the  
stage, must contribute to the beauty  
and charm of life, but they must not  
do so at the expense of its values.  
I cannot bring myself to think that  
any actress could possibly attain  
great distinction in her art who had  
cut out of her life those essentials  
which are so necessary for the full  
development of a woman. When I  
hear of an actress making any such  
assertions, I feel that it is but the  
expression of a mood, and that she  
has expressed it publicly in regretta-  
ble.

The greatest things that can come  
to a woman are love and affection,  
and these can only contribute to  
make her a better actress. The life  
of the stage teems with examples.  
Our best actresses—at least from the  
time of the great Mrs. Siddons to the  
present day—have been women who  
have had a happy home life, whose  
greatest joy was in their husbands  
and children.

The stage, of course, has its hard-  
ships, and one of the most trying of  
these in America is the constant trav-  
el. The English actress is very much  
more fortunate in this particular than  
are we. In London the most suc-  
cessful actresses do not find it neces-  
sary to leave their homes from one  
year's end to the other. It would be  
a happy state of affairs if such a  
condition existed in America. But  
instead of one great dramatic cen-  
ter in this country, we have at least  
twenty, and the continual demand  
for change does not admit of a clas-  
sic play being presented for more  
than a limited number of weeks in  
one of these cities. So we are kept  
continually moving from place to  
place.

It has been said that the art of

the theatre is made up of all other  
arts, and for this reason the actress  
who desires to reach a high degree  
of perfection in her art must be an  
earnest student. This does not mean  
that a college graduate would neces-  
sarily be successful on the stage, but  
rather that all stage aspirants would  
do well to go to college.

I receive letters daily from young  
people who desire to go on the stage  
and ask my advice as to how they  
shall proceed. They tell me how fine  
looking they are, how tall they are  
and, in almost every case, they con-  
fide to me that they have tempera-  
ment; yet it would be very much  
more to the point had they informed  
me that they were taking courses in  
singing, in fencing, and above all, in  
literature.

It would be a matter of greater  
interest to learn that they were doing  
these things—not because they are  
more important than the possession  
of a temperament, but because so few  
persons are endowed with that rare  
and unique gift. It is curiously the  
case that people who have tempera-  
ment do not tell it. Its very pres-  
ence would prevent that.

No art, is more exacting than dra-  
matic art. There is no life that is  
harder than that of a actress. What-  
ever, in the course of her career, her  
reward may be, it is still smaller  
than the price she pays for it. And  
not only must she devote all her  
time to her work; she must do this  
under the most trying conditions.

For nine months of the year she  
is obliged to be away from her home  
and her friends, and live on railway  
trains and in hotels. For the most  
part, she cannot choose her associ-  
ates. She must study and rehearse,  
and act with persons who may or  
may not be congenial. She is, as it  
were, living in a family that is not  
her own, and very often is not like  
her own. From this necessary con-  
dition of affairs proceed many evils  
—the greatest of these is loneliness.

Moreover, only the reaching of the  
highest point in the theater can make  
the many steps in that direction en-  
durable. It is an ill thing to be a  
mediocre actor. To invest one's  
youth, hope and enthusiasm, and then  
to gain anything but the whole prize  
—this in the theater is a tragic fate.

The Outwitting  
of Prunella

By Nellie Cravey Gilmore

I consumed many perplexing hours  
over a circumstance, yet sufficiently  
emphatic reply to Prunella's recent  
surprising communication. Here is  
what she wrote:

"Dear Dick—Our engagement is at  
an end. Something awful has hap-  
pened—something that makes it im-  
possible for me ever to marry you.

"Do not, I pray you, attempt to see  
me; I could not endure it, not now.

"Under separate cover I am mailing  
to you our betrothal ring, together  
with the brooch, watch and bracelet  
you sent me on my last three birth-  
days. Please do likewise in regard to  
different trifles I have given you. I  
do not care for them intrinsically, but  
under the circumstances it is best that  
this should be done.

"I am starting for Colorado Thurs-  
day, where I shall make my home  
with the Cahills as governess and  
companion to their children.

"Do not try to intercept me. This is  
final, and though it breaks my heart,  
there is no other way but to sign my-  
self.

Farewell forever.

"Prunella."

The letter had left me bewildered,  
dumfounded, dazed. It was a long  
time before I could rake my faculties  
together, even to think. Had Prune-  
lla, in some miraculous fashion pecu-  
liar to fiancées, dragged forth some af-  
fair out of the past? Had my latest  
escapade with a chorus girl been er-  
oneously reported on the evening  
Daguer? Had some one of my num-  
erous rivals confided to her that a dis-  
tant uncle of mine had died of con-  
sumption? After having cudgelled my  
tongue exhaustively, I produced the  
following:

"My Dear Girl—Yours to hand and  
contents noted. I am shocked, startled  
beyond expression. Our relations have  
been too deep, too tender, too genuine  
to be thus lightly severed. It is my  
blessed privilege to request an ex-  
planation; and falling in that, to de-  
mand one.

"If you will be good enough to in-  
dicate the hour, I shall take pleasure  
in calling at your home. Don't refuse,  
for depend upon it, I shall find a way  
of seeing you face to face and hearing  
the worst.

As ever,

"Dick."

This dispatched, I gave my attention  
to the long-neglected pile of briefs



Was Pacing Up and Down.

stacked up on my desk. As I sat work-  
ing late into the twilight the telephone  
bell at my elbow tinkled imperatively.  
I took up the receiver.

"Hello!" said I, "what do you want?"  
There was an infinitesimal pause;  
then a feminine voice asked:

"May I speak to Mr. Allison,  
please?"  
This is he," returned I in my most  
courteous tone.

"Oh!"  
"Well," I observed, "have you recov-  
ered?"

"Recovered!" she repeated in pro-  
found astonishment. "I don't under-  
stand you."

"That letter," I reminded, "wasn't it  
the result of an hallucination of some  
sort?"

"Certainly not!" She flung back the  
words with such force that the tele-  
phone wires jangled.

I was quaking inwardly, but deter-  
mined to bluff it out.

"Oh, come, now, Prunella—don't be  
foolish. Why don't you speak out. If  
there's anything—"

"There is," she cut in sharply, "and  
here is the truth: I was coming up  
town on a Broadway car the other day.  
Your father occupied the seat in front  
of me; he was talking to another man.

He said: 'Too bad about Underwood's  
sinking every cent in that wire deal,  
wasn't it? Leave his family practically  
 penniless. Dick's engaged to one of  
the girls I believe, but of course it'll  
all have to be off now.'"

I bit my lips till the blood showed  
through in purple prints.

"Prunella!" My voice sounded  
hoarse and angry over the wire.

"Yes?" hers came back in some trep-  
idation.

"Is that all?"

"Isn't it enough?"

"No," I thundered, "it is not! Where  
are you?"

"I'm down town."

"Where?" I reiterated sternly.

"At the Grand Central station. My  
train leaves in—"

I banged the receiver on the hook,

grabbed my hat and flew down stairs.  
Elevators were too slow for my pres-  
ent frame of mind.

My runabout stood at the curbing,  
I sprang in and shot frantically  
through the scattering procession of  
vehicles, arriving at my destination in  
eight minutes.

I went at once to the ladies' wait-  
ing room. Prunella was not there.  
Full of alarm I hurried out into the  
corridor. Less than ten feet away a  
girl, slim and graceful in a dark trav-  
eling suit, was pacing up and down.

"Prunella!"

"She sat down weakly on a bench  
nearest her, her face scarlet.

"Dick," she said reproachfully, "you  
shouldn't have done this; you  
shouldn't, indeed!"

I sat down beside her and forced her  
to look into my eyes.

"Tell me now," I said, "why you are  
trying to run away from me in this  
fashion."

"I am not running away at all, I told  
you I was—"

"But you said Thursday. Today is  
only—"

"I was afraid—I knew you would  
try to see me, Dick. And I was de-  
termined that—that—"

I looked at her with savage re-  
proach.

"You certainly couldn't have loved  
me very much," I interrupted, staring  
ahead, "if you were willing to give me  
up like this."

"You have it reversed. I love you  
too much to stand in the way of your  
interests."

I looked at her curiously a second;  
then I burst into downright laughter.  
"You are a quixotic little idiot,  
Prunella."

"I'm nothing of the sort," she con-  
tradicted, with pink cheeks. "I'm just  
simply proud, that's all."

"Pride be—dashed. Come out of  
this stuffy place, anyhow."

"But—but you don't understand,  
Dick. I must wait here till my train  
is announced. I've already accepted  
this position and bought my ticket—"

"I'll take charge of that," I inter-  
posed, holding out my hand. When  
she gave it to me, I quite deliberately  
lifted it up and tore it in two.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Prune-  
lla. "I paid—"

"My runabout is waiting outside.  
We'll take a spin out to the park.  
There's a fine new church just finished  
out that way. The minister lives next  
door; he is an old chum of mine—nice  
fellow. If you need a fresh pair of  
gloves or a hook and eye—or any-  
thing—I stole a twinkling glance at  
her. "oh, I mean to loan you the money  
if you do!"

Quite unresistingly, she found her-  
self walking by my side, and out into  
the street; and the next thing, we  
were skimming dizzily over the gleam-  
ing asphalt.

"Immediately after the ceremony,"  
I told her, as we slid to a standstill  
in front of the rectory, "I shall drive to  
my lawyers' and make over every red  
cent of the blamed money to some-  
body else. I'll not be responsible a day  
longer for such a menacing element in  
my life."

Half an hour later, as Mr. and Mrs.  
Richard Allison, we were whirling  
toward Fifth avenue.

Prunella glanced at me a trifle un-  
naturally.

"Dick," she questioned, in a little  
cremulous voice, "who is it you are  
going to settle—"

"Why, on you, of course, my dear.  
Shall we go to the Waldorf for din-  
ner?"

## PIGEONS ON A JAMBOREE

Drink Liquor Spilled in the Street and  
Gave Real Exhibition of  
Drunkenness.

A heavy truck loaded high with  
kegs of liquor was jolting across a  
line of downtown car tracks when one  
of the kegs toppled and fell from the  
top of the pile into the street. It  
was thoroughly smashed, so the truck-  
man whipped up his team and went  
his way without stopping. The rum  
flowed out over the street—one little  
dent in the paving collecting a visible  
puddle of it.

In a few minutes a pigeon came flut-  
tering down to drink at the pool thus  
fortunately provided for thirsty birds.  
The initial taste was a surprise, but  
a second and a third soon followed,  
and soon the pigeon tottered flut-  
teringly away too overcome to fly. Other  
birds, seeing him there and anxious  
to wet their parching throats on so  
salty a day, followed their brother in  
his path of wicked intemperance.

Five minutes later a passerby was  
attracted to see